

# ZION'S



PUBLISHED BY SOLOMON SIAS, FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.....B. BADGER, EDITOR.

Vol. III.

## ZION'S HERALD.

PRINTED AT THE CONFERENCE PRESS—CONGRESS STREET.

### CONDITIONS:

*Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year—One half payable the first of January, the other the first of July.*

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### MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

FROM THE METHODIST RECORDER.

The substance of an Address delivered by the Rev. John Potts, of Trenton, New Jersey, at the anniversary meeting of the Missionary Society within the bounds of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, held in St. George's Chapel in the city of Philadelphia, on Monday evening, the 18th instant:

*Mr. President*—In moving the acceptance of the Report just read, I am influenced by the heart-felt satisfaction with which I have listened to its contents.

It is but a little more than six years since I attended a meeting in this house—convened for the purpose of discussing the propriety of organizing a Missionary Society in this section of our church; since then, in the short period of six fleeting years, we may truly say, *The Lord hath done great things for us through the instrumentality of our infant Missionary institution*—and we are no longer under the necessity of directing the attention of the opposer of Missions, to the Sandwich Islands, to South Africa, or the distant shores of India, to prove the utility of Missionary operations: we can now point him to the forests of our own country, where but a few years since, the scalping knife was brandished, and the scalps of men, women and children, were exhibited with brutal exultation, as the trophies of savage warfare, but where now, the influence of the gospel of peace it witnessed, the arts and comforts of civilization are introduced, the voice of prayer is heard, and the praises of Israel's God are sung.

But sir, this is not all: we have heard from the report now on your table, that some of those christianized inhabitants of our western wilds have left the world in full possession of that peace and tranquility of soul, which nothing but the experience of the grace of the gospel can afford. Imagine sir for a moment what would be your feelings were you witnessing the last moments of one of those children of the forest, who amidst the rains of dissolving nature, was praising his God, and invoking the blessings of heaven on his Christian benefactors in this place. Such scenes are not imaginary, they have been witnessed again and again, and surely they are sufficient to eradicate the last doubt from the ingenuous mind with respect to the utility of Missionary exertion; and if the limited operations of your society have already effected so much, what may we not expect from the joint exertions of the friends of Missions throughout Christendom? Indeed we cannot expect too much. The plans that have been adopted to evangelize the world must and will succeed. This gospel of the kingdom must and will be preached to all nations, and its soul-renewing influence will be experienced by all the families of the earth.

It is true, that we who are the present actors on the stage of Missionary operations will not live to witness their final and complete success. But what do I say? ye, we shall live to behold the rule of Immanuel when all his enemies are put under his feet; not indeed while we are occupants of the shores of mortality, shall we witness this; but if we faithfully persevere in our labors of love, we shall be permitted to look down from the seats of endless bliss, from the summit of the everlasting hills, and enjoy a comprehensive view of the progress and final triumph of gospel truth—we shall see the soldiers of the cross plant the gospel standard in every land, and the blood stained banner of salvation wave triumphant over all the kingdoms of the world—we shall behold the storming of the last fortress of idolatry, and see the last strong hold of the devil demolished.

And now, who would ask: what bosom does not expand with joy? What heart does not warm, and burn in bound, while anticipating the glorious results of Missionary enterprise, and who does not covet to become a sharer in this blessed work? a work that would increase the felicity and enhance the dignity of angels, were they permitted to engage in it.

I have written in this plain manner, because a growing evil demands a free rebuke.

BOSTON: WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1825.

Bl Ward

# HERALD.

No. 19.

FROM THE RECORDER AND TELEGRAPH.

### LOVELY SONG OF THE PREACHER.

And lo, thou art unto me a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words but they do them not.

This, it is believed, is an accurate description of a large proportion of those, who compose our religious assemblies on the Sabbath. The pleasant voice, or the fine eloquence of the speaker, commands more attention and approbation than any of the solemn truths which he utters. The house of worship is filled perhaps to overflowing—all eyes and all ears are open—curiosity is gratified—sensibility awaked—passions moved. But where is the practical, moral influence? Where is the amendment of the heart? And where is the newness of life, if the singing, the praying, the preaching, and the entire religious movement of the Sabbath day go to nothing, like the lowliness of a song that is sung, or the pleasantness of a tale that is told at an evening's entertainment?

A man may gaze on the glories of creation—he may taste the delights of the successive seasons—he may admire the power and wisdom of Him whose agency works in the springing plants, the refreshing breezes, the cheering sun, and the glowing stars; and his heart, as to *pious feeling*, be a perfect blank.

The morning stars have sung together and the sons of God have shouted for joy, and all the creation has been vocal with the high praises of Jehovah—and yet the touching strains of the lovely song may have produced in the mind of this adherent, nothing more than an animal feeling or an intellectual enjoyment.

In thousands of instances, the words of the preacher, whether he be eloquent or not, produce no better effects.

A display of pulpit eloquence will be attended at least with a momentary gratification, which is often not much unlike that produced by an evening's exhibition in the theatre. But where is the permanent benefit which is derived into practical, moral life? The tendernesses of the soul may be awakened—gloomy thoughts chased away—impure desires suppressed—and the whole soul lifted above the sphere of its ordinary operations. But after all, what is it? It was a *very lovely song of one that has a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument*.

It cannot be denied that the minister of the gospel is to many of his hearers, what Ezekiel was to the people of Israel—a lovely song. His persuasive and winning eloquence (if he chance to be eloquent) may produce for the moment, an overwhelming effect; but the lapse of a few hours proves, perhaps, that it was only a transient emotion. And we can hardly expect this effect to be produced on the minds of worldly minded people, unless the sermon be elegant, and strictly of the *popular kind*. This is the corrupt taste of the present time. A very large proportion of the people at least, are looking for something new and captivating in the preacher. It is a growing thing with them; and if not checked, what ministerial talents or eloquence will long be able to satisfy their expectations? Are there not many who would have every two or three weeks at least a new minister or a new novel? Such is the Athenian fondness for new things, and *want of an instrument*.

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# ZION'S HERALD.....DEVOTED TO RELIGION, MORALITY, LITERATURE,

"ON EARTH PEACE—GOOD WILL TOWARDS MEN."



WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1825.

gradually abated. The preparations for war which had been commenced are left unfinished. Letters have been received by government, said to be official, stating, that all misunderstanding between the Burman and Bengal governments is amicably settled.

May 10.—A few weeks since, a small brig arrived from Bengal; but she afforded us no information with regard to the state of public affairs. She brought letters; but the commander, from incertainty, or other motives, suffered them not to come to the knowledge, either of Burmans or Europeans.—Yesterday all was quiet, and seemed likely to remain so. To-day all is bustle and confusion. Doubt, anxiety, and fear, are visible in almost every countenance. The reason of all this change, there is a report, that there are about thirty ships arrived at the mouth of Rangoon river; and the Burmans naturally infer, if this report be true, they come with no peaceful intentions. The Europeans had consecrated the day to pleasure, and were to dine in the garden of Mr. Lansago. They were just seated at table, and began to apply themselves to a dish of soup, when about fifty armed men, depited by the Yawhoon (at this time viceroy) approached, who without such ceremony sat at an end to the merriment of the party, by announcing the orders of the Yawhoon, viz. to seize and imprison every person who was accustomed to wear a hat. Information of the whole was soon brought to the mission house. We immediately sent servants into the town, to learn more particularly what had been done. They confirmed all that we had heard. We were not, however, molested for several hours, which led us to infer, they designed to make a distinction between us and the other foreigners, on account of our being Americans, sustaining only the character of teachers of religion. But these hopes were without good foundation. It was in vain to look for respect to our religious character, in those who were destitute of the common feelings of humanity. Mr. Hough and myself were accustomed to wear hats, and were therefore included in the royal order. One of the king's linguists was sent to call us; we expostulated, asked why we were called, seeing we were teachers of religion, and had never intermeddled with political affairs, &c. He said it was their custom in similar cases to examine all foreigners. We were called only for the sake of formality; no evil was intended against us, nor should we be detained more than two or three hours. But we had forebodings of a severer fate; we parted with our families, under the apprehension of meeting them no more in this world. The prison was a large brick building, consisting of four apartments, one of which was open in front like a verandah; in this we found the Europeans previously mentioned, surrounded by several thousand Burmans, regaling themselves with wine, seemingly indifferent to the fate, awful as it was, which threatened them.—

Mr. H. spoke to the Tykeso concerning himself and me, alleging that we were Americans, and teachers of religion, and that we had done nothing worthy of bonds.—He said that it was not in his power to release us, though he was well aware of the truth of Mr. H.'s assertions; but promised to represent us to the Yawhoon, on whose will depended life and death. In the mean time, a blacksmith entered the prison walls, locked with chains, hammers, &c. His appearance seemed to foretell our approaching fate. We saw our companions in affliction led forward one after another to the anvil, and from thence to the door of the inner apartment, where they were thrust into close confinement. We were allowed to remain unfeasted, until the pleasure of the Yawhoon concerning us should be more fully expressed.—All around us was hurry and confusion, and every possible preparation was making for the expected attack. The guns were drawn to the battery, muskets collected and examined, together with spears, large knives, ammunition, &c. which were piled together around the spot where we lay. In the course of the evening, we heard the Burmans had seized an unfortunate European, who had been sent from the general with messages to the governor of Rangoon. We could not learn his fate, but he was in all probability sent to Ava. While we were waiting to hear the decision of the Yawhoon concerning us, we received a note from Mrs. H. and Mrs. W., requesting to know whether there was any hope of our release. We gave them some encouragement, though we felt little in our own minds. At length a Burman came in, who after casting a scowling glance towards us, asked who we were? "The American teachers," answered a by-stander. "Put them with the other prisoners," returned he; which was no sooner said than done. Still, however, we were not put in iron, and therefore yet cherished the fond hope of release. But our prospects were constantly becoming darker. Our legs were bound together with ropes, and eight or ten Burmans, armed with spears, battle-axes, &c. were placed over us as a guard. An hour or two afterwards, the blacksmith came in a second time, bringing a rough heavy chain. It consisted of three links, each about four inches in length; and pounded together so close as to completely prevent it from bending any more than a straight bar of iron. The parts designed to go round the ankles were bars of iron about two thirds of an inch thick, partially rounded, and bent together so as just to admit the ankle. This was designed for Mr. H. and myself. He was first seated, his leg laid upon a block, the ring placed upon the ankle, and then pounded down close with heavy blows. The other ring was put upon my ankle in the same manner. Our situation afforded no convenience for lying down; and of course allowed us no sleep, or even rest. In the course of the night, the keys of our rooms, trunks, &c. were demanded, from which we naturally inferred an intention to pilage our houses. They also inquired very particularly, if we had any muskets or spears, and how many? We did not fear the loss of property, but trembled at the idea of Mrs. W. and H. being exposed to the brutal insults and cruelties of unprincipled robbers. Mrs. W. and H. like ourselves, were unable to get any rest, though they were not particularly molested by the Burmans. Moungh-shwa-ba, one of the native Christians, spent the night with them, and very much encouraged them by his prayers and pious conversation. None of the other Burman Christians staid by them.

11th.—The night was long and tiresome, but in the morning arrived, Mrs. W. and H. sent us breakfast by the servants, accompanied by a note, requesting to know the very worst of our circumstances.—There was but one hope left; it was that of addressing a petition to Mr. Sarkies, an officer of considerable rank and influence among the Burmans, but a foreigner; this therefore we advised them to do. To this petition Mr. Sarkies answered, that he had already done all that lay in his power in our behalf; but so far from being able to give us any assistance, he expected every moment to share a like fate. The fleet very early in the morning had got under weigh, and was rapidly advancing upon the town. About three or four thousand armed Burmans were collected together in front of the town, along the shore, to repel any attack which might be made by the approaching enemy. The women and children, as if foreseeing the events of the day, left the town, and fled to the jungles, carrying with them as large a portion of their little property as they were able. When it was announced that the fleet was within a few miles of the town, two other Englishmen cycled together, with a Greek and an Armenian chained in the same manner, were added to our miserable number. Our guard was considerably strengthened, and enjoined strictly to keep us close; all communication with our servants, and things with us, was cut off. One faithful old servant, belonging to Captain Touch, seized an opportunity, when our door was partly opened, of slipping into the room unperceived. Seeing the situation of his master, and of us all, he wept like a child; and not only wept, but taking a large turban from his head, and tearing it to strips, bound them round our ankles, to prevent our chains from galling; which we afterwards found of essential service to us. Shortly after, orders from the Yawhoon were communicated to our guard, through the gates of the prison, viz. that the instant the ship-

ping should open a fire upon the town, they were to massacre all the prisoners without hesitation. This blasted all our hopes. The guards immediately began sharpening their instruments of death with bricks, and brandishing them about our heads, to show with how much dexterity and pleasure they would execute their fatal orders. Upon the place which they intended for the scene of butchery, a large quantity of sand was spread to receive the blood. Among the prisoners reigned the gloom and silence of death—the vast ocean of eternity seemed but a step before us. To-day all was quiet, and seemed likely to remain so. To-day all is bustle and confusion. Doubt, anxiety, and fear, are visible in almost every countenance. The reason of all this change, there is a report, that there are about thirty ships arrived at the mouth of Rangoon river; and the Burmans naturally infer, if this report be true, they come with no peaceful intentions. The Europeans had consecrated the day to pleasure, and were to dine in the garden of Mr. Lansago. They were just seated at table, and began to apply themselves to a dish of soup, when about fifty armed men, depited by the Yawhoon (at this time viceroy) approached, who without such ceremony sat at an end to the merriment of the party, by announcing the orders of the Yawhoon, viz. to seize and imprison every person who was accustomed to wear a hat. Information of the whole was soon brought to the mission house. We immediately sent servants into the town, to learn more particularly what had been done. They confirmed all that we had heard. We were not, however, molested for several hours, which led us to infer, they designed to make a distinction between us and the other foreigners, on account of our being Americans, sustaining only the character of teachers of religion. But these hopes were without good foundation. It was in vain to look for respect to our religious character, in those who were destitute of the common feelings of humanity. Mr. Hough and myself were accustomed to wear hats, and were therefore included in the royal order. One of the king's linguists was sent to call us; we expostulated, asked why we were called, seeing we were teachers of religion, and had never intermeddled with political affairs, &c. He said it was their custom in similar cases to examine all foreigners. We were called only for the sake of formality; no evil was intended against us, nor should we be detained more than two or three hours. But we had forebodings of a severer fate; we parted with our families, under the apprehension of meeting them no more in this world. The prison was a large brick building, consisting of four apartments, one of which was open in front like a verandah; in this we found the Europeans previously mentioned, surrounded by several thousand Burmans, regaling themselves with wine, seemingly indifferent to the fate, awful as it was, which threatened them.—

Mr. H. spoke to the Tykeso concerning himself and me, alleging that we were Americans, and teachers of religion, and that we had done nothing worthy of bonds.—He said that it was not in his power to release us, though he was well aware of the truth of Mr. H.'s assertions; but promised to represent us to the Yawhoon, on whose will depended life and death. In the mean time, a blacksmith entered the prison walls, locked with chains, hammers, &c. His appearance seemed to foretell our approaching fate. We saw our companions in affliction led forward one after another to the anvil, and from thence to the door of the inner apartment, where they were thrust into close confinement. We were allowed to remain unfeasted, until the pleasure of the Yawhoon concerning us should be more fully expressed.—All around us was hurry and confusion, and every possible preparation was making for the expected attack. The guns were drawn to the battery, muskets collected and examined, together with spears, large knives, ammunition, &c. which were piled together around the spot where we lay. In the course of the evening, we heard the Burmans had seized an unfortunate European, who had been sent from the general with messages to the governor of Rangoon. We could not learn his fate, but he was in all probability sent to Ava. While we were waiting to hear the decision of the Yawhoon concerning us, we received a note from Mrs. H. and Mrs. W., requesting to know whether there was any hope of our release. We gave them some encouragement, though we felt little in our own minds. At length a Burman came in, who after casting a scowling glance towards us, asked who we were? "The American teachers," answered a by-stander. "Put them with the other prisoners," returned he; which was no sooner said than done. Still, however, we were not put in iron, and therefore yet cherished the fond hope of release. But our prospects were constantly becoming darker. Our legs were bound together with ropes, and eight or ten Burmans, armed with spears, battle-axes, &c. were placed over us as a guard. An hour or two afterwards, the blacksmith came in a second time, bringing a rough heavy chain. It consisted of three links, each about four inches in length; and pounded together so close as to completely prevent it from bending any more than a straight bar of iron. The parts designed to go round the ankles were bars of iron about two thirds of an inch thick, partially rounded, and bent together so as just to admit the ankle. This was designed for Mr. H. and myself. He was first seated, his leg laid upon a block, the ring placed upon the ankle, and then pounded down close with heavy blows. The other ring was put upon my ankle in the same manner. Our situation afforded no convenience for lying down; and of course allowed us no sleep, or even rest. In the course of the night, the keys of our rooms, trunks, &c. were demanded, from which we naturally inferred an intention to pilage our houses. They also inquired very particularly, if we had any muskets or spears, and how many? We did not fear the loss of property, but trembled at the idea of Mrs. W. and H. being exposed to the brutal insults and cruelties of unprincipled robbers. Mrs. W. and H. like ourselves, were unable to get any rest, though they were not particularly molested by the Burmans. Moungh-shwa-ba, one of the native Christians, spent the night with them, and very much encouraged them by his prayers and pious conversation. None of the other Burman Christians staid by them.

Their first impression, as they have since told me, was to follow us and share our fate; but a moment's reflection convinced them of the impropriety of such a step; it would make the parting intolerable, both to them and us, to be murdered before their eyes. Fortunately for us, we did not know that they saw us, until all was over.

We soon after found that they did not design to carry us to the place of execution; for having passed by this spot they proceeded in the direction of the Great Pagoda. Looking to wind, we saw the Yawhoon and his officers following us upon horseback. When they had overtaken us, they alighted, and having seated themselves in a Zayat, ordered us to be placed before them a second time, but not in so degrading a posture as before; indeed their whole treatment of us seemed a little more mild. Our arms were untied, a little water was offered us to drink, also a few plantains and cheroots. After a few moments consultation upon the proposal made by Mr. H. it was assented to, and his chains were taken off; he asked to have me sent with him, but this was refused. Mr. H. being gone, the remaining prisoners were committed to the charge of an inferior officer, with strict orders, that if Mr. H. did not succeed, to put us to death; which also was the substance of the message sent by the Yawhoon to the General by Mr. H. on whose success now hung all our hopes of life. The officer directed, that we should be deposited in a building standing upon the base of the Great Pagoda, and be treated hospitably until Mr. H.'s return. Four of our number, being quite exhausted with fatigue and pain, occasioned by the galling of their chains, were unable to go any farther, which the officer perceiving, he allowed them to remain in a building at the foot of the Pagoda. The place in which we were now to be confined was a strong brick building consisting of four apartments. The first of these was occupied by large images. The second was a kind of hall, and behind this were two small dungeons, or dark gloomy apartments, apparently designed as repositories for treasure. We were first confined in the second of these apartments, but shortly after in one of the dungeons just mentioned. We found the place filled with Burman goods of almost every description; there were no windows, or anything else comfortable, and they gave us nothing to eat or drink. Mr. H. in his way to the shipping met a company of troops which had just landed; he communicated his business to one of the officers, and related where and under what circumstances he had left us. They proceeded forward in search of us; but before they reached the spot we had been removed, as before related; and the Yawhoon with his attendants, being informed that a company of troops was advancing upon him, fled to the jungles. The same detachment having received some information from Mr. H. of Mrs. H. and W., also made search for them. But they having been driven out of the house of the Portuguese woman, as stated above, had at length taken refuge in a small bamboo house, together with a number of other females, wives of foreigners, whose husbands were also prisoners. This place merely hid them from the eyes of the passing multitude, though they were in most imminent danger from canon balls, which were every moment falling around them; and even here they were sought by the Burmans; but a young man who stood at the door told them, that the Yawhoon with his attendants, being informed that a company of troops was advancing upon him, fled to the jungles. The same detachment having received some information from Mr. H. of Mrs. H. and W., also made search for them. But they having been driven out of the house of the Portuguese woman, as stated above, had at length taken refuge in a small bamboo house, together with a number of other females, wives of foreigners, whose husbands were also prisoners. 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## SCIENCE, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

respectable character, is also a candidate for baptism. Others in our family and neighborhood are under deep concern for their souls. We have now several native pupils in our school. The fields, all around, seem whitening to the harvest. In my most sanguine hopes, I had never anticipated blessings equal to what God has been pouring down upon us for some months.

"In December last, we sent three white men, one of them a blacksmith, to an incipient station 120 miles from us, among the Ottawas. Neither of these professed to be religious, and we were sorry that their business should call them away from Carey at that time, to a place where they would have no opportunity of hearing the gospel; and we had actually delayed their departure for some time, on this account. They, however, carried with them a Bible, and some other religious books; and what was still more, they carried with them religious impressions, which led them to morning and evening prayers regularly; and a few days since the blacksmith came in, and gave to the church a satisfactory account of a gracious change, and was baptized, together with one of our Indian scholars, last Lord's day.

"This work commenced, and has progressed, in a way well calculated to teach us that the work is the Lord's. He has done it;—to him be the glory."

### MONTLY CONCERT.

At the Monthly Concert, in Park-street, on Monday evening of last week, two examples were mentioned, which beautifully illustrate the piety on the minds of the heathen.

The first respected the father of Catharine Brown, who now resides in the vicinity of Dwight, on the river Arkansas. For some months past he has been afflicted with severe and painful sickness, from which, till recently, there was little prospect of his recovery. But instead of repining under this affliction, he has constantly manifested the most resigned and happy temper of mind; so that even in the paroxysms of distress, he would say, "That my heavenly Father knows best what discipline I need; and I would not, if I could, alter at all the dealings of his hand towards me." And yet, not many years since, this man was a heathen!

The other person of which an account was given, is a native of Ceylon, well known to the inhabitants of Jaffna by the name of "Crazy Philip." According to the account he gave of himself to Mr. Poor, he was born and educated a Catholic; was taught to cherish a hatred against the Protestants, and against the Bible as a book for common people. The circumstances which led him to a knowledge of this holy book, are somewhat remarkable. Being engaged in a law suit, he called on a Protestant lawyer for counsel. Here, by some means or other, his attention was attracted to a New Testament, which he was so fortunate as to obtain. It was blessed to his conversion! When at length he felt the love of God shed abroad in his heart, he became anxious for the salvation of his perishing countrymen, and used every means in his power to bring them to a knowledge of the truth. His notions were some of them peculiar, inasmuch as he followed closely the literal import of Scripture; and this gave rise to the impression that he was insane.

He afterwards spent eleven months in writing at the court, in the service of Mr. Vanderlinde. This gentleman remarked to Mr. Poor, that while with him, Philip lived like a devoted Christian; and so conscientious was he in the performance of what he believed to be his duties towards God, that when he found them to encroach upon his usual hours of business, he made no hesitation of sacrificing the latter to the former. On one occasion of this kind, after he had been absent for some hours, Mr. Vanderlinde sent messengers to seek for him. He was at length found cutting down the bushes which had grown up within the walls of an old Dutch church, now in ruins. They called him, but he made no answer. They told him their message, but he did not afford them even a look. At length Mr. Vanderlinde came himself—“Philip,” said he, “what are you doing here?” At first he was silent; but soon said, “What am I doing here? Why does this Christian church lie waste, while thousands are perishing all around?” Being dismissed from his employment, he went about from place to place, inviting the people to accept of the like precious faith which he had experienced. On entering a village, it was his practice to visit every house; and after saluting the inmates, to deliver his message. This he did with kindness, and yet with much earnestness. If he was favorably received, he continued his instructions so long as he thought most useful; but he quietly withdrew. Mr. Poor thinks he gives evidence of sincere piety, having been taught by the Holy Spirit.—*Recorder and Telegraph.*

**Anticipations Realized.**—The Rev. Dr. Brouge, in his speech before the London Missionary Society, makes the following statement: “The great Jonathan Edwards when speaking of the Millennial state, says, ‘There may be found evidences even amongst the Hottentots, as if that would be one of the most wonderful of all events. There are, we trust, some such among the Hottentots; but there are already thirty in the South Sea Islands, who are teaching their countrymen the gospel of Jesus Christ. We have also a Christian Chinese whom we are delighted to see amongst us this day, whilst another is left at home to preach the word. There is also a Samuel Flavel, (a good name) a converted native, preaching in India, and God is granting him much success, so that several of the natives have been converted and baptized.’”

### Religious Chronicle.

### [COMMUNICATED.] ANOTHER WARNING.

### Mr. Editor,

Drunkards having been so frequently warned, through the medium of the newspapers, by accounts of the most sudden and awful instances of death among their dissipated brothers and sisters in wickedness, and fearing that they had hardened, and would still continue to harden their hearts against reproof, the writer for some time hesitated about giving them another instance of drinking and burning. But thinking it possible it may do good, he has at length concluded to warn the wicked, and leave the event with S. N.

In the town of \*\*\*\*\* on the Lord's day, a number of persons assembled at a dwelling-house, where the worshippers of Bacchus were often found sacrificing to their god. Here they passed the Holy Sabbath in scenes of dissipation, well suited to their deeply degraded characters. After continuing their dissolute conduct till an unseasonable hour at night, they rested from their labors and fell asleep. The mistress of the house, however, not being content to rest, while the dear object of her love was accessible, arose from her couch, and resumed her devotions, it appears, all alone. This was an hour of misfortune. She drank so largely of the intoxicating cup, that her animal as well as rational functions were suspended. Her clothes (it was supposed) took fire from a lamp, and were almost entirely consumed before help of any kind could be obtained. The smoke and starch which filled the house awoke some of the slumbering inmates. Her frightened and half suffocated husband hastened to afford his darning wife some relief. But alas! his efforts to save her life were unavailing. A physician was soon obtained, but he pronounced her case desperate. The hospitality and attention of physician and friends were means only of affording her temporary relief. They could not save her life. She survived a very few days in the greatest distress, and died.

Boston, April 18, 1825.

**Translations made by Baptist missionaries at Serampore.**—Of twenty of the versions of the Bible, which have been wholly or in part executed, it appears that learned natives have published their explicit approbation, declaring in almost every instance, that the respective versions will be universally intelligible to the people for whom they were designed. The British and Foreign Bible Society have recently granted the generous sum of 2,000 pounds sterling, nearly \$9,000, to facilitate the printing of these versions.

### THE INSIDE OF THE WORLD.

#### MR. EDITOR,

I read in your paper of yesterday, an account of a British ship having reached a higher South latitude than Cook or any other navigator before has known to do, and yet was unobstructed by ice, and nothing appeared to hinder proceeding onward. I feel confident, and have long since published my opinion, that the concave countries can be reached with facility by proceeding southwardly in any of the southern seas, and particularly from the Indian ocean. Ought not this confirmation of my doctrines encourage Mr. Gray or Mr. Girard, to incur the expenses of a suitable exploring outfit towards the south, both for fishing and discovering? Either of whom could, I presume, meet the expense without endangering their prosperity. According to my system, it is highly probable that a ship properly directed on such an errand, would reach a country where the inhabitants are congenitally antipode to those of the exterior tropical regions, which country may be coasted quite around the concave, along a circle of 20,000 miles in circumference, and a great part abounding in tropical productions, and the sea so free from the dangerous storms, as to be everywhere navigable by steam boats; and if, as is probable, the concave lands are much chequered by such channels as Parry found, so far as he penetrated, then ships might pass through to Cook's inlet; and thus establish our claim by right of discovery, and extend our commerce and fisheries, in immeasurable extent.

I believe I could pilot such an expedition, without, in any material degree, missing the proper course.

Respectfully, JOHN CLEEVES SYMMES.

TOWANDA, (Pa.) April 28.

**Singular Bear fight.**—A short time since a couple of young men were taking a Sunday's walk in the back woods of Sheshequin, when they chanced to meet an old bear and her cub. The young heroes held a council of war and determined to give chase to, and attack them; accordingly they stripped themselves for the affray, and each armed with a club started for the bears; they soon overhauled the young one and despatched it; but its hideous cries called the old one to its assistance, and the young men were obliged to prepare for the attack. The old bear, when within a couple of rods raised upon her hind feet and with her mouth wide open, frothing and foaming, continued to advance.

They squared themselves, and a severe and doubtful struggle of 15 or 20 minutes ensued, during the whole of which they were unable to touch her head with their clubs, so completely did she parry every blow with her fore feet, and it was not until she wheeled to retreat that they were able to level a blow across her nose which brought her down, when they were enabled to despatch her. This singular and courageous act will do the young men honor; had the deceased Putnam been present, he could not have done more; and his famed wolf hunt scarcely surpasses the Sheshequin Bear fight.—*Setter.*

### MELANCHOLY CASUALTY.

It has rarely fallen to our lot to record a more distressing even than the following. On Sunday noon, as five young lads were sailing down Providence river, a gale of wind capsized the boat which immediately sunk, and before assistance could be rendered, four out of the five were drowned. The sloop Candidate was passing up the river, at the time, but before her boat could reach the spot four had sunk, and they were able to save but one, who was almost entirely exhausted.—The names of those drowned, were George E. Aborn, aged 16 years, son of Captain George Aborn, a highly intelligent and promising youth; Bennett Bishop Lippitt, aged 17, Raymond Greene Lippitt, aged 15, and James Russell Lippitt, 14, all sons of Richard Lippitt, Esq. of this town.—*Cashier of the Union Bank.*

The boys were all good swimmers, but owing to a fresh breeze and the distance they were from the shore, became exhausted before assistance reached them.—*Providence Journal.*

The Providence Gazette, in commenting on the iniquitous custom of making the Sabbath a day of recreation, observes, that there is no practice in that town, which more deserves public reprobation, or calls more loudly for legislative interference, than that of furnishing boys, at any time, with boats for the purpose of sailing. This remark applies with peculiar force to our own city of Boston; and we earnestly hope that it will arrest the attention of our City Authorities. It is rare that a summer passes without catastrophe of the above nature; and if a penalty and stigma can be fastened on those, who encourage Sabbath recreation, many valuable lives may be saved, and many a parent's heart may be preserved from grief almost inconsolable.—More than this, many a Christian parent will give glory to God, that his day is honored, and an influence given to the societies of Jehovah, which command the hallowing of the consecrated day. None can tell the evils to society which result from the profanation of the Sabbath.—*Christian Watchman.*

### DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.

It is seldom we have to record (says the Fayetteville N. C. Observer,) a more melancholy instance of the uncertainty of human life and enjoyment, than falls to our lot, in narrating the circumstances of a most affecting dispensation of Providence in an adjoining county. On the 2d instant, Dr. John A. Woolley, and Mr. Angus McAnely, Jr., attempted to cross Little river, a short distance above Butler's mill dam, in Montgomery county, in a flat worked by four men. The excessive rains of that and the preceding day, had so swelled the river, as to render their efforts to reach the shore in the flat unavailing, and as they approached the dam, all hope of crossing being extinct, the men who worked the flat plunged into the river, and swam to the shore. But the Doctor was lame, and incapable of saving himself in a similar manner. He entreated Mr. McAuley not to desert him, and they remained in the flat till it arrived near to the dam, when Mr. McAuley sprang out with the hope of gaining the shore. Vain hope! The violence of the current dashed him over the dam, and from the waters beneath his lifeless body was taken on the following morning. Dr. Woolley, in the mean time, made a desperate attempt, after divesting himself of his clothes, to save himself by swimming; but his lame ness rendered the attempt abortive, he regained the flat, fell upon his knees, and in that attitude, calmly and deliberately awaited the awful and impending destruction. The awful suspense was of short duration—but a moment, and the flat was precipitated over the dam, and the fate of this unfortunate gentleman was sealed for ever. His body was not found until Saturday last, the 6th day after he was drowned.

We understand that Dr. Woolley has left a wife and three young children, and that as a physician and a man, his loss will be severely felt by his neighbors. He was on his way to minister to the diseased, little thinking his own case was more urgent, and to be sooner, and more fatally decided than that of his patient.

**Ship building in Maine.**—A Bath editor informs, that there are now on the stocks, within a mile of his office, on the Kennebec, two sloops of 350 tons, seven brigs over 200 tons each, and a schooner of 120 tons.

The Eastern Chronicle says there are now seven vessels on the stocks near Gardner; five brigs and two schooners; all constructed upon the most approved and elegant models; and the workmanship displayed in them would bear a comparison with that of any part of our country, and reflects great credit on the artisans employed in their construction.

### FROM THE OHIO GAZETTE.

#### THE INSIDE OF THE WORLD.

##### MR. EDITOR,

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and have long since published my opinion, that the concave countries can be reached with facility by proceeding southwardly in any of the southern seas, and particularly from the Indian ocean. Ought not this confirmation of my doctrines encourage Mr. Gray or Mr. Girard, to incur the expenses of a suitable exploring outfit towards the south, both for fishing and discovering?

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channels as Parry found, so far as he penetrated,

then ships might pass through to Cook's inlet;

and thus establish our claim by right of discovery,

and extend our commerce and fisheries, in immeasurable

extent.

—*Watchman.*

—*Brigade.*

—*Bridgeport.*

—*Notice.*

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Wesleyan Academy will be held at the house of Abram Avery, in Wilbraham, on Tuesday, the 17th of May, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

ABERDEEN, (Conn.) April 27.

On Friday last, a little girl, about one year and a half old, daughter of Mr. Albert Lewis, of Fairfield, was so dreadfully scalded by turning over a kettle of boiling water, as to occasion its death in about thirty hours after. And what adds to this melancholy truth is, as we are informed, that little yet promising child, came to its death through the carelessness occasioned by that hellish practice, intemperance.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Wesleyan Academy will be held at the house of Abram Avery, in Wilbraham, on Tuesday, the 17th of May, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

ABEL BLISS, Secretary.

### MARRIED,

In this city, on the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Norris, Philip C. Tucker, Esq. of Vergennes, Vt. to Miss Mary Catherine Mills McCloskey, of Boston. Mr. Edward Harding to Miss Mary E. Leach. Mr. John Morrison, of Waltham, to Miss Elizabeth Berry, of this city. Mr. Joshua Phippen, to Miss Sarah Hammatt, daughter of Mr. Benjamin Hammatt, all of

this city.

### DIED,

In this city, Mr. John Norrington, aged 48; widow Elizabeth, aged one hundred years; Mr. Otto Turner, aged 55.—At Larchfield, Capt. John B. Cordis. He was an officer on board the ship Columbia, Capt. Kendrick, the first American vessel that ever circumnavigated the Globe, and subsequently a lieutenant in the United States Navy.—In the Alm-house in Billerica, Mr. John Brown, aged 55.

He committed suicide by forcing his wooden leg down his throat. He had been for some time in a state of mental derangement and imagined that the overseers intended to burn him, and under this impression committed suicide in the chimney above stated, in which manner he was found.—At New York, March 17, of consumption, Mr. Captain L. Freeman, of the House of Freeman, Cobb & Co. of this city.—At London, in March last, Dr. Charles Arnold, aged 45, a celebrated Physician, and son of Mrs. Elizabeth Y. Weston, Mass.—It is said, that he was a native of Italy, and formerly a singer in that country, and a tenor singer of Italy, and formerly master of the Chapel de Lope. Born the 14th, aged one hundred and thirty years.

In Mansfield, Mass., on Thursday last, of consumption, Miss Nancy Allen, daughter of Mr. Elijah Allen, aged 16 years. Two of her sisters have been swept away, within one year, by the same disease.—At Easthampton, Mass., Mr. Jonathan Jones, in the 96th year of his age—probably the oldest person in the county of Hampshire. He was born in Northampton (in that part which is now Easthampton) in 1726. He was a soldier under Major (afterwards Colonel) Seth Fowles, of Northampton, in the expedition against Louisburg on the island of Cape Breton, in 1745, and was present at the siege and capture of that important fortress. He sustained through life the character of a kind neighbor, a good citizen, and a truly Christian. He was admitted into the church more than 72 years ago, during the ministry of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards. His mental faculties, especially his memory, which were remarkably retentive, remained almost unimpaired until near the close of life.

### SHIP NEWS.

#### PORT OF BOSTON.

##### ARRIVALS AND CLEARANCES.

MONDAY, May 2.—Arrived, brig Creole, King, New Orleans; Mary and Nancy, Theobald, St. Croix; Le Grange, Bradford, Liverpool, 81 days; Spartan, Prince, St. Croix; 20; Argo, Jordan, Matanzas; Traveller, Smalley, St. Thomas; Linne, Thacher, Halifax; Almara, McLellan, and sch. Ann, Skinner, Washington and Alexandria; British sch. Ranger, Orne, St. Antre, Teneriffe; sch. Ocean, Taylor, 41; York, 20; Tern, 20; Lure, 20; Laramie, Keweenaw; St. Croix; 20; Dungeness, Harbor Island, Bahamas; 15; Folla, Newell, St. Domingo City; 22; Fortune, Clewley, St. Pierres; Ann Rose, Luce, Richmond; Hannah and Eliza, Grover, Halifax, via Provincetown; Hero, Burroughs, Bridgeport; Volant, Johnson, St. Andrews; Monkey, Lutec; Hero, Bradgen, Fredericksburg; Lost, Shackford, Eastport; packet Reporter, Knight, Portland; steamboat Patent; sloops Carder, Stewart, Elizabeth City; Hercules, Parker, Hartford; Seafarmer, Lucy Ann, Augusta; Superb, Bath; Nyen, Belfast; Bolina, Anna, Luce, Richmond; 20; Fortune, Newburyport; Mary Ann, Lorenzo, and Maria, Portsmouth; Dover Packet, Dover; Caroline, Portland; Alert, Moreton, Key West.—Cleared, brig Advance, Crafts, Charleston; sch. Three Brothers, Smith, Trinidad, Cuba; Vineyard, St. Andrews.

TUESDAY, May 3.—Arrived, sch. William and Mary, Wainwright, Gloucester; Foster, Tatten, Bath; Adventure, Blashall, New Haven; Morris, Wells, Polk, Tuckerman, Marblehead; packet Walker, Kempton, Elizabeth, Ipswich; Augustus, William, Bowditch, Salem; Falmouth, 6; Mentor, Lidge, Providence; packet Facket, Tuckerman, Row, Georgetown, Me.; Messenger, Hallowell; Hyacinth, 10; Venus, New Bedford; 8; Mechanic, Nickerson, 3; Millidgeville, Knight, Portland; Hyacinth, 2; Leon, Fritchard, 2; Cassandra, New York.—Cleared, brig Phoebe, Castine; Mary and Nancy, Bath; sch. New Priscilla, Crowell, Franklin, Hallowell; sloops Eliza Ann, Gould, New York; Orion, Hartford; Ariadne, Bath.

# ZION'S HERALD:—MISCELLANEOUS....INSTRUCTIVE....ENTERTAINING.

## THE HERALD'S HARP.



### POETRY AND PIETY.

We published a few weeks since, the sudden death of Rev. Harvey Loomis, of Bangor, Maine. He had ascended the pulpit to preach from the text, "This year thou shalt die;" when he was observed to falter, and in a few minutes was a corpse. The lines below, from the Penobscot Gazette, refer to that event. They unite the pure spirit of poetry with heavenly piety.—*N. Y. Stateman.*

### THE DESERTED CONFERENCE ROOM.

You need not hang that candle by the desk;  
Ye may remove his chair, and take away his book;  
He will not come to-night. Did he not hear the bell  
Which told the hour of prayer. I cannot speak the reason,  
But he does not seem to love, as he did once.  
The conference room.

We've waited long of late, and thought we heard, at length,  
His well known step. We were deceiv'd,  
He did not come. 'Tis very sad to say,  
But he will never come again.

Do ye remember how he'd sometimes sit  
In this now vacant corner, quite hid by its obscurity,  
Only ye might observe his matchless eye  
Striving to read the feelings of your souls,  
That he might know if ye would hear the voice of Jesus.

Ye do remember: Well; he's not there now:  
Ye may be gay and thoughts less if ye will,  
His glance shall not reprove you.  
Or, if ye choose it, ye may slumber on your seats,  
And never fear the watchman's eye:  
It weeps not o'er you now.

There, listen to that hymn of praise;  
But how it falters on the lip;  
How like a funeral dirge it sounds.  
Ah! ye have lost your leader, and ye cannot sing.  
But hearken. When ye struck that note,  
Did ye not hear an angel voice take up the lofty strain,  
"For thou, O Lamb of God, art worthy."

Twas his voice.  
Not rising, as in former days, from this low temple:  
Sing softly, or ye will not hear it:  
Only the clearest, softest strain, waving its way  
From the celestial world, just strikes the listening ear,  
And now, 'tis gone.

Ye've not forgotten what he's to say,  
Or, if ye have, methinks he'd answer,  
"Remember, O my people, for the day approaches  
When ye must roost over,  
Except of mercy while ye may. What shall it profit,  
Though you gain the world and lose your souls?"

And then he would conclude, perhaps,  
"A few years hence, and where are we?  
Our bodies moulder in the tomb,  
Our very names forgotten by the living,  
Our spirits, where are they?"

Oh how it chills the heart, to think  
That voice is no more heard within these walls.  
It is no fiction, is it? no delusive dream?  
Ah! no, our friend is gone. The damp of death is o'er him,  
The moon is shining on his grave, he will not wake,  
Until it wakes to immortality.

Tis sweet to pause and think  
In what a brighter world than this his spirit shines.  
How very near he is to Jesus. Sure he must be near  
To him in heaven, who did so love his name on earth.  
And now he's wash'd his mortal woes and sins away,  
And now he drinks the consolations of a Saviour's love,  
And now he joins a band the rapture of whose song  
An angel's mind can scarce imagine.  
How does he swell the chorus, "Thou wast slain for us?"  
A song not new to him; he had been learning it in years  
gone by.

But we are not in heaven. Where desolation reigns in every heart,  
And sorrow looks from every eye.  
Soon we must go away, and there is none to ask  
A blessing for us. When we're done praying,  
We shall stand and wait. But none shall say,  
"Now grace be with you."

Yet, surely, we must not repine  
At what He does, who made us. He hath done well:  
So be it, Father, even so, even if it hath seem'd  
Most righteous in thy sight,  
And if we ask of God a blessing for ourselves,  
If we repeat that we have sinn'd against Him,  
He will not frown upon us. He'll hear our prayer.  
We'll go there trusting in his name.  
He'll bless us in this room,  
He'll bless us yet again. We'll go.

ZELIA.

### OBITUARY.

A short Memoir of Mrs. MARY GREEN, wife of Mr. Jonas Green, of Shelburn, New Hampshire.

She was the daughter of Joseph and Rachel Larey, of Gilead, Maine. Her natural disposition was very pleasant and amiable, and early disposed to seriousness. In a reformation in those parts, several years since, she was awakened, and, although she did not then obtain hopes of mercy, she was ever after particularly attached to the cause and people of God.

In August last a consumption had obviously seated itself on her system. And in November, being in that neighborhood, I called and conversed with her on the subject of death. I found her truly awake to her situation. She had little hope of recovery, and felt unprepared to die. She felt the deepest regret that she had not given herself entirely to God at the time of her first awakening, and remarked, "I think it is very foolish for people to wait for more conviction till they lose what they have, as I did." Having assembled the family, we united in prayer to God; it was truly a refreshing season. A few days after this she found some degree of peace, which continued through the winter. She observed to her nurse, sister Mary Coffin, that at times she had peace and joy, but could not say she desired death. The last time I saw her, a few weeks before her death, to my question, if she had peace and joy, she replied, "I have some comfort, but not that clear evidence I desire—it is a great thing to lie and come to judgment."

On Wednesday, the seventh day before her death, the clouds all withdrew, and her happy soul seemed absorbed in love. Her husband and nurse were standing by her; when she began to speak of the goodness of God, and exhort them to be faithful to Him, that they might die happy—then sung,

"Jesus sought me when a stranger," &c.

She declared, "now I am happy—I am not afraid to die—it seems as if I should never feel another pain." Her husband's father came into the room—she reached her hand and said, "O father, I am happy." This state of joy, with a few intervening doubts, continued till her death. She observed to her nurse that

she did not think it possible for the enemy to make her so happy, and often her ardent soul burned with desire to "depart and be with Jesus." On observing her wistful looks, her nurse inquired what she wanted. With a countenance lighted up by the smiles of heaven, she said, "I want to be in heaven the most of any thing." She requested her nurse to sing,

"Jerusalem, my happy home,  
O how I long for thee!" &c.

After she was struck with death, she desired to be raised in bed; and calling her sisters, she exhorted them to prepare for death—not to delay till they were placed on a bed of sickness; but to listen to a dying sister, and embrace religion now. She said, "I suppose you would not be in my place for all the world; but I would not change situations with you." She then repeated,

"Death shall not destroy my comfort—  
Christ shall guard me through the gloom,  
Down he'll send some heavenly consort  
To convey my spirit home,  
Where 'tis all glory, glory, &c.

She said to her nurse, "Mary, sing this," and soon after fell into the embrace of death; but we believe her precious soul rests in the paradise of God. She has left an affectionate husband and many other relatives to mourn over the memory of her departed virtues; yet, blessed be God, they mourn "not as those who have no hope."

TRUE PAGE.

Bethel, April 5, 1825.

### MINISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

#### EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS TO MINISTERS.

*All zeal should be continually guarded; and that the universal maxim, which binds every private minister of the church of Christ, should be particularly written on the hearts of his ministers—Let your moderation be known unto all men.* There is a modesty which should run through the whole character of a minister of Christ, and should manifest itself in all his words and actions; *yea, even upon those occasions when he most undresses his mind.*

Nothing is of more importance than the moderation and modesty of ministers who are consecrated to the Lord. The same decency, the same circumspection, the same modesty, which accompanies them in their public duties should follow them everywhere; and as they are every where to consider themselves as the ambassadors of Christ, they ought every where to support the dignity of his character, in the wisdom of their words, in the elastic decency of their dress, and in the seriousness of all their actions.

If the sacred writings, by which we shall be judged, make every idle word a transgression; if the gospel exerts from every private Christian such circumspection, reserve, and modesty in his conversation—what does it not require from the immediate ministers of Jesus Christ? The ministers are, next to the word of God, the depositories of divine knowledge, which they are incessantly to administer to the people; and when the spirit of God calls them to the ministry, he says to them in some sense, as formerly to the prophet, "I have put my words in thy mouth, and have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand, that I may plant the heavens, and lay the foundations of the earth, and say unto Zion, Thou art my people." That is to say, to the end that you may make as a new heaven and a new earth, or at least as a part of it, the people entrusted to your care; that you may accustom them to regard me as the only God who deserves their affection and homage; that they may learn to regard themselves as a holy people consecrated to me alone; that the heaven and earth which they behold, are the works of my liberal hand, which, with all things they contain, deserve their affections; and that I have prepared for them a heaven infinitely more glorious and eternal, where they shall enjoy, with my redeemed, pleasure for evermore. What follows from hence? But, that our tongue is no more our own; that it is consecrated to the word of God, and the edification of the people; that witlessness and vain discourses are unlawful amusements in the mouths of believers; but that they are profanations in ours!

Far be it from me to speak against the relaxations of innocent society; but that which I would say, my brethren, is this—that our conversation should be always marked with a peculiar character of piety, gravity, and modesty; that, in conversing, we should with a bold, yet endeavor to edify each other, and all around us, with words of love and truth; and that we should banish from our discourse all profane and immoderate joy, and all the low and all the gentle pleasures of the world.

\* Phil. iv. 5.

+ Isaiah ii. 16.

### LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

#### THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

The following is an extract from an eloquent discourse on the excellence and influence of the female character, recently preached before a Female Missionary Society, in the city of New York, by the Rev. Gardiner Spring, Pastor of a church in that city.

In advertising to the excellence of the female character, it will occur to every mind, that the obvious designation of woman to a different sphere of action and influence, from that which is occupied by the stronger sex, suggests the contemplation of excellencies, which, though not peculiar to herself, are delightfully appropriate to her character and condition. There is a feeling of heart, a consciousness of dependence, a natural and amiable timidity, a tenderness and kindness, which unfit a woman for the rude and tumultuous occupations, and which, while they assign to her a more retired sphere, as clearly disclose those qualifications which constitute her true dignity and glory.

Among these, we hold in high estimation the virtues of *industry and economy*. Did not these lie at the basis of a woman's usefulness, this would be too true and common-place a remark. The wise man, in the chapter which contains our text, gives high importance to these useful qualifications. "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and cateth not the bread of idleness." If there is a qualification in which a female ought to excel, it is a thorough acquaintance with the arts and duties of domestic life. She may be ignorant of the other branches of human knowledge, and deficient in more refined attainments, with comparative impunity; but no embellishments can supply her deficiency in these. These constitute her peculiar and appropriate employment, and so far from being beneath her regard, do they adorn and beautify the most distinguished edifice of her sex.

The sentiment may not exactly accord with the notions of the present age, but it is one that ought to be inscribed on the heart of every female, that industry and economy are her true glory. There is no apology for a slothful woman. A slothful woman is more fit for a domestic drudge, or the slave of an Eastern despot, than for the elevated station which freedom, civilization and Christianity have assigned her. A woman who is occupied in little else than receiving the courtesies of the other sex, and having every want supplied by obsequious attendants, if she does not become torpid by inaction, is almost always the victim of that morbid sensibility, which, while it can weep over the ideal scenes of a novel or a tragedy, has no interest in the affecting realities of human life, and passes through the world without communicating happiness, or acquiring respectability. Few appreciate the obligations, cares and labors, of an industrious female; and few, I fear, are sensible of the perpetual denial which she is called to exercise in the performance of her laborious and reiterated duties. Her

eye must be every where in her own proper sphere; her authority every where in her own retired dominion; her hand on every spring in all the departments of domestic labor. And a cheerful submission to this incessant watchfulness and care, constitutes one of the prominent excellencies of her character. A female that has been induced to believe she was made for nothing but to be loved and admired, and who is never pleased but by the attractions of idleness and dissipation, has never learned to estimate her true worth and excellence, and is a stranger to the high destination of woman.

A well cultivated mind, also, forms an essential ingredient in female excellence.

We have yet to learn, that the Supreme Creator has denied to woman the same capacity for intellectual exertion, which he has communicated to man; and that with the same training, the same auxiliaries, and the same incitement, she might not maintain her equal progression in every enterprise that demands simply intellectual exertment. But this is a point of no easy decision, and of little utility could it be equally decided. There are those who so far depreciate the intellectual worth of females, as to believe that all that is important in female education, is limited by a thorough acquaintance with domestic philosophy; and that to furnish our daughters with anything beyond this, and particularly to instruct them in any of the branches of solid learning and science, is a superfluity that ill befits their condition and employment.

But how contracted are such views, and how far do they fall short of qualifying females for some of the more useful and important duties of their sex! Mind is a glorious endowment; and there is no reason why the mind of a female should not be cultivated with unweary assiduity. Particularly to a female of keen perception, intuitive judgment, vivid fancy, and ready and attentive memory, every faculty of developing and improving her intellectual faculties, which her means and condition in life can furnish, should be afforded. I know of nothing which a woman may not study and acquire to advantage. If she is ambitious of deserving well, if she is diligent, as her experience and reflection become matured, I would not only have her well grounded in all the branches of a good English education, but I would delight to see her plodding her steady course through the departments of classical knowledge—introduced to the masters of science in every age—familiar with the history of other times, and the biography of other men—well acquainted with the power of numbers—not meanly instructed in physical and intellectual philosophy—and especially, taught to think and reason, and to express her thoughts with propriety, force, and elegance. No reason exists why the temple of science should be interdicted to an enterprising female, and why its ascent should be deemed so rough and difficult, that her modest foot may not attempt it. Every step she gains will reward her exertion, and facilitate her progress; and though it may not be her ambition to flourish in the republic of letters, yet if she would be esteemed and honored in human society, and become one of its most invaluable blessings, she need not fear extending her acquisitions.

But while we advert to her intellectual cultivation, let us not slightly pass over the peculiar advantage of a thorough acquaintance with *moral science*. Hence, every female should be at home. Last of all, should the science of God and salvation be hidden from her eyes; last of all, should she be a stranger to the principles and obligations which ought to govern her thoughts, her affections, and her conduct, every hour and moment of her existence. How humiliating, if it were only in an intellectual view, that she should be ignorant of the topics and wonderful themes of contemplation, and powerful persuasiveness of enterprise, and unrivaled exhibitions of classical beauty and elegance, and matchless examples of purity of thought, with which the great text-book of moral science, the Bible, is so richly fraught! There, is revealed what nothing else has disclosed, and what none but God knew. From one page of this wonderful volume, a female may gain more knowledge of the great end of her being, and of what is useful and necessary to be known, that philosophy could acquire by the patience and toil of centuries. There too, is developed the great system of truth, which philosophers and sages have sought in vain—every where inculcating the most excellent maxims of wisdom—every where embodying counsels more paternal, admonitions more alarming, consolations more precious, exhortations more touching, than all the schemes of human instruction; and every where recounting events and transactions that cannot be communicated without the deepest interest and delight. The wonders of the Bible have interested and amazed the strongest intellects in creation. And if a female would be interested in subjects that can expand, and captivate, and transform her mind, that can enervate her affections to the jousts and enjoyments of the world, then must her heart be endeared to the excellences of the Bible.

All these courses will strengthen and cultivate her intellectual powers, and fit her for usefulness. And if she be pious, how is her character invested with additional power, when it can put in requisition the force and furniture of a well disciplined and richly cultivated mind. The great variety of intellectual accomplishments she possesses, the more respectable she will become, and the more influence will she exert in any sphere she is destined to occupy.

### YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

#### FOR ZION'S HERALD.

#### AN ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

Ye dear associates of my youthful days,

Say, would you learn to walk in wisdom's ways?

Like Mary, come and choose the better part;

Bow to the Saviour, give to him your heart.

Do you desire to taste God's pardoning love,

And join the heavenly throng with Christ above?

Like Mary, kneel at the Redeemer's feet;

With tears of penitence his love intreat.

Methinks I see the lovely mourner there;

While penitential tears bedew the fair;

And as they drop upon the Saviour's feet,

She wipes them with her golden tresses sweet.

Do you desire true happiness below,

And all those blessings which from Jesus flow?

With patience bear the cross, endure the frown;

Like Mary, soon you'll have a heavenly crown.

Gh, may we all like virtuous Mary live,

Our best, our earliest days to Jesus give;

Be blessed on earth, all have who sins forgiv'n—

At last with Mary may we meet in heaven.

H. S. A.

FROM THE NEW HAMPSHIRE REPOSITORY.

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THE LITTLE WANDERER.

A few weeks since, being at the house of one of my father's friends, I was pleased to see the management of his family, especially that part which pertains to the instruction of his children. We had been conversing about the benevolent efforts which are now making to lay the treasures of the gospel at the feet of every human being. We were about closing this interesting conversation, when a white-headed little boy, who had been listening very attentively, climbed up on his father's knees, and inquired "what made people give so much money?" "Yes, father, to save lost men; but what is meant by *lost men*?" "I went to you, child, to tell you to seek the Lord while he is near," adding, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." Afterwards he quoted these words: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." "Call upon his holy name." This was his last advice to me. I asked him if he was afraid to die; he said, "No." Are you willing? "Yes." He closed his eyes, and lay in prayer a short time; I could hear nothing he said distinctly, except the words "pre-

cious Saviour," "precious Saviour," and the word "amen," which he pronounced twice very emphatically. After this he lay a few minutes apparently in prayer, then, opening his eyes, cast an affectionate look all around him, said something which we could not distinctly understand, though some of us believed it to be "